

THE  
LIFE, DEATH and CHARACTER  
OF

*Mr. Daniel Burges,*

Late Minister of the Gospel : Who departed this  
Life at his House in *Boswell-Court*, on *Monday*  
the 26th of this Instant *January*, 1713. in  
the 65th Year of his Age. With a New  
ELEGY on his much lamented Death.



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*The Life and Death of Daniel Burgess, late Minister  
of the Gospel, &c.*

**D**ANIEL BURGESS, (Minister of the Gospel, and a late Teacher to a Dissenting Congregation) was born near *Oxford* in the Year of our Lord, 1647. He was descended from very honest and industrious Parents, who tho' they could not boast much of their Riches, yet their Poverty was accompany'd with Integrity and Virtue. They were obedient and true Servants of the Church of *England*, Zealous of her manner of Worship, and firm to her Principles: To which they adher'd, and were stedfast in their Faith to their Lives-end.

Of such Pious and Godly Parents was *Daniel Burgess* born; their Hopes were fixed on this their Darling Son, and they contributed as much as their mean Circumstances would permit to give him an Education that might qualify him for the Service of God in the Ministry of the Church. In order to accomplish their good Intention, they put him to the *Grammar-School*; and Heaven, smiling on their Endeavours, was so propitious to their Desires, that their Son made such a Progress in his Learning, that he exceeded his Master's and Parents Expectation.

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'Tis true indeed he was guilty of several Youthful Frolicks, whic are much customery among School Boys, but yee he never neglected his Studies, but applied himself to them very sedulouſly. In the ſpace of five Years he was judged to be qualified for the Univerſity, having paſſed a very ſtrict Examination; and now his Parents began to be ſomewhot troubled and uneaſy at the Thoughts of maintaining him after his Admiſſion; and how they ſhould furniſh him with a Chamber, Books, Surplice, and other Neceſſaries which a Student cannot be without. However they truſted in God, and rely'd altogether on his Divine Providence to make Proviſion for their Son *Daniel*, not doubting but that he would raiſe them up ſome Friends, whole Contributions with their own joint Endeavours might enable them to allow their Son a Competency that might keep him decent, and encourage him to proceed in his Studies.

Nor were their Hopes fruſtrated: For it happenned that *Daniel* had contracted a ſincere Friendſhiy with one of his School Fellows, with whom he uſed to go home at the Vacation Time of *Chriſtmas*, *Eaſter* and *Whitſuntide*; and the young Gentleman's Father obſerving the Sobriety and Modeſty of *Daniel*, grew fond of him; and the Son (with ſome Help which he had from his School-Mate, and the Benefit he received from his Inſtructions) being thought to have been well verſed in School-Learning, was with *Daniel* Enter'd into the Univerſity, whole Fees were paid by the Young Gentleman's Father, and part of a Chamber given him *Gratis*; and he was allowed ten Pounds a Year to inſtruct and admoniſh his Chamber Fellow, But this Penſion was ſoon augmented, for the Gentleman dying ſoon



soon after, bequeathed an hundred Pounds to *Daniel Burgess*, and a Legacy of Twenty Pounds *per Annum* for Seven Years. By this means the Anxious Care of his Parents was eased, and in a little time he obtained a Scholarship, which amounted to Ten Pounds a Year more.

Much about this time an Accident fell out, which had like to have ruined *Daniel's* Reputation : The Woman that attended his Chamber, proved to be with Child, and 'twas reported, that he was the Father of it : This came to the Provost's and his Tutor's Ears, who was extremely concerned for his Pupil's Miscarriage. He was sent for and taxed about it ; but he pleaded Ignorance, and strenuously denied what they charged him with : And tho' he was thought to be innocent by some, yet there were others who condemn'd him, and said he was guilty of the Fact. And what strengthened them in their Opinion was the Asseverations of the Maid who with bitter Imprecations persisted in what she first declared. It happened that the Sunday following was Sacrament Day, at which *Daniel* (who was a constant Communicant) was present. His Tutor and the Provost were then likewise, to whom he delivered a Paper to this Effect, as he was about to receive. *I must confess it gives me some Concern that I should lye under a Censure of which I am not guilty ; the Aspedtion which is thrown upon me is false and scandalous, but God forgive my Accuser : And tho' I may appear in the Eyes of some People, yet the great Judge of Heaven, who sees the Secrets of all Hearts, knows my Innocence ; and I now call upon him to attest that I never had Carnal Knowledge of any Woman.* This he thought to be the best Method he could use to purge himself of the Crime that was laid at his Door ; and indeed it was manifest soon

after that the Calumny thrown upon him was false ; for the Woman falling sick, and being at the Point of Death, declar'd who was the right Father of the Child which was then in her Womb, and heartily begged to be forgiven : Immediately after we died.

But to return. At Seven Years End, he commenced Master of Arts, having disputed with much Gravity and Learning. The Year following he obtained a Fellowship, which he enjoyed, and had many Pupils, so that he was now thought to be settled in the College, and wedded to his Studies. But, alas ! there is nothing certain in the World ; there is no Degree, Age or Constitution but what feels the powerful Effects of Love, sooner or later. It happened that among the many of the Fair Sex that came down from *London* to hear an *Oxford* Act, *Daniel* casts his Eyes upon a young Female, whose Image took such deep Root in his Breast, that he could not get it out. He went to his Chamber is very discontented, argued the Case, and reasoned with himself, he endeavoured to divert his Passion by reading, but all in vain : So that he was forced to give way to it, and fearing that his Mistress might be gone back to *London*, if he made any longer Delay, he left his Chamber, and made the most diligent Enquiry after her, that he possibly could ; and at last was acquainted who and what she was:

About a Week after he pretended earnest Business to *London*, and having obtained leave for two Months, he thought every Hour an Age 'till he had got the Sight of his Beloved. In short, he courted her, won her, and marry'd her. And now he thought he was blest with a Paradise



radise on Earth. Matrimony being inconsistent with a College Life, he was forced to quit his Fellowship, besides which he had been one of the Chosen Preachers for three Years successively ; and being recommended to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Cork*, was admitted to be his Domestick Chaplain, and going over with his Lordship into *Ireland*, was soon presented with a Living of thre hundred Pound *per Annum*. He had an Excellent Talent in Preaching, by which, and his winning Behaviour, he gained the Hearts and good Will of all his Parishioners, and particularly of his Patron the Earl of *Cork*, who was so fond of him, and so indulgent to his Family, that notwithstanding he had given 'em so advantageous a Benefice, yet he allow'd them the Priviledge of his House : They had Servants and Horses to attend them wherever they pleased to command it ; and his Lordship besides made 'em several considerable Presents Yearly. So that they were not under any Necessity of spending the smallest Part of their Yearly Income.

*Festus* said to *Paul*, *Too much Learning has made you mad.* Whether that was the Case of *Daniel Burgess*, or what other Cause he had to turn *Apostate*, I shall not take upon me to determin. But certain it is, that some wild extravagant Notions seizing him one Night, he seem'd to be Light-headed, he raved of several strange things, and was possessed with Enthusiasm. The old Earl was very much concerned, sent for Physicians, and ordered that nothing should be wanting to the Recovery of his Senses. But, alas ! he quickly discovering his Malady, and it appearing that he had turn'd *Manatick*, was dismissed from the Earl of *Cork*'s Service, lost his Favour and Benefice, and was turned out of all.

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Upon this he repaired back to *London*, and was kindly received by the *Dissenting Ministers*, and quickly got a Congregation, who subscribed to his Preaching. Thus we perceive that a good Mree may bring forth corrupt Fruit. *Daniel*, from an Orthodox Preacher, became a Canting Hypocritical Holderforth; instead of that decent Behaviour and due *Decorum* that ought to be shewn in a Pulpit, he used Grimaces and Antic Gestures; would hum and haw, and draw *Jack Calvin* thro' his Nose, squeeze his Handkercher, and often take out his Silver Snuff-Box, and stopping in the middle of a Sentence, put as much Tobacco in his Mouth as he could well contain in his Hands.

Many are the Stories which are reported of him: That of *unbuttoning his Cloak*, and letting his Congregation fall into Hell, is as threadbare as his Coat, and therefore I shall not relate it. However I cannot omit that which follows, because it is singular, and may serve to give the Reader, who was not acquainted with him or his Character a Taste of his other Extravagancies.

Preaching one Morning against Swearing, he said, Every Body has Z — ds and G- d Z — ds in his Mouth, and espy- a young Spark in a Scarlet Cloak, who came thither out of Curiosity. I warrant ye, said he, that Man in the bloody Coat has G- d Z — ds, or some such Oath now in his Heart. To To whom the young Man replied, G- d D — n your Blood! What is that to you. Look ye there, answered the Doctor, Did I not tell you what was true? The next Sabbath Day the same Gentleman came again, and hearing Daniel often repeating of his Text, viz. What shall I cry? What shall I cry? said, Why you



*you Canting, Deluding Knave, what would you cry? Know you not that there is an Act of Parliament against crying any thing on a Sunday, but Milk or Makerel?*

It is said, but how true I will not affirm, That he never held up his Head right since he was arrested at the Suit of Jacob B ———d. It seems that Mr. Broad's Wife was a very Zealous Admirer of the Doctor's ———, and had presented him with severall Pieces of Plate, Sums of Money, and other Things of Value; not to mention the many Treats he had from her at the Tavern: All which coming to Mr. Broad's Ears, he arrested the Doctor who gladly compounded with him. He was served much such another Trick by a Woollen-Draper in Covent Garden, whose Prentice attesting that his Mistress had given the Doctor as much Superfine Broad-Cloth as made him a Cloak and Coat, he was arrested for it, and forced to pay for the whole.

Such Accidents as these, together with the pulling down his Meeting-House, and his falling out and quarrelling with his Congregation, shorten'd his Day; for they lay heavy on his Spirits, and being an old Man, Aged 65, he had not Strength to bear so many Afflictions.



## His CHARACTER.

**H**E was a Man of great Parts and Universal Learning ; Charitable and sober ; full of Zeal and Moderation, free from passion, and loved to live peaceably. But when he turn'd Fanatick, his Eloquence also was turn'd to Canting, and his Zeal to Hipocrisy. If he eat in private with those in whom he could confide, he fared sumptuously ; but when any of his Benefactors came to see him, he would feed on a Crust of Bread, and a Glass of Table-Beer. The latter part of his Life was a Series of Law-Suits, wrangling and Contention ; and his chief Care was to get Riches, tho' he was past pleasure of enjoying them. If his End had been suitable to his Beginning, he had left behind the Character of one of the Best and Truest Sons of the Church. His Piety had then been without Blemish, his Reputation without Censure, and his Religion would not have been taxed with Dissimulation.

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*A New Elegy on the Death of Mr. DANIEL BURGESS.*

**W**HY in *Complaints* shou d *Mortals* wast their *Breath*,

Since nothing is more certainer than *Death* ?

The Good, the Bad, the Rich, the Poor, must go,

*Time* will not stay, nor *Death* no Mercy shew.

*BURGESS* at length is gone, and now we see

He's from the Injuries of those set free,

Who did abuse him like an Enemy.

The Cause unknown unless as *Scriptures* say,

Because he had more Righteousness than they ;

So it is said of Old, with Hands most rude,

The Saints were treated by the Multitude.

Mistaken Notions of a giddy Mob,

Who both their God and Church of Honour Rob ;

Whilst they cry out, Religion and the Laws,

Were base acting in a Lawless Cause ;

And persecuting him for his Innocence,

Who bore a Conscience void of all Offence.

Who ne'er concern'd him with *High* or *Low*,

But strove the ready Paths of *Heav'n* to shew,

But now he's gone, and sure they're satisfy'd,

Who did his *Preachings*, and his *Life* deride.

Gone ! Did I say ? Methinks I see him stand,

Declaring Truth, with Gospel in Hand :

His painful Labours I shall here declare,

His great Endeavours which were very rare.

Also the Pains he took with pious Breath,

To rescue Sinners from *Eternal Death*.

Thus he for many Years his Time did spend,

'Till *Death* did all his great Endeavours end.

His Num'rous Flock he now has left in Grief,

Who from his Holy *Preaching* found Relief ;

His Friends all Weeping he hath left behind,

Oh cruel *Death*, to them thou'rt prov'd unkind.

All mourn to see the *Pulpit* where h'has been

Stand empty now, and cry it was their Sins.

That drew from Heaven this sad Disaster down,  
 But he is gone to mount a higher Throne,  
 Where all his Suff'rings shall be made amends,  
 Nor where rude Vice for Precedence contends.  
 There Piety and Justice do take Place,  
 And such as truly serve their God with Grace.  
 Where no unjust Distinctions are allow'd,  
 Only *Good Christians* can approach their God,  
 Nor *Churchmen*, nor *Dissenters* must pretend,  
 Unless of *Holy Life*, to find a Friend.

'Tis not to trumpet their own Praises then,  
 And say — *we are more Righteous than othor Men.*  
 The Soul will there be search'd by God alone,  
 To whom the Secrets of all Hearts are known. —

But while my Pen is going on to Write,  
 My Mind some other Matter wou'd Indite.  
 His Character I shou'd attempt to raise,  
 But his own Works I leave to speak his Praise ;  
 His mournful Flock, with weeping Voices say,  
 His Work was finish'd, and he's snatch'd away.



## The EPI TAPH.

**B**eneath Interr'd do's Pious Burgefs lie,  
 Who with great Pains did serve his God on high ;  
 Where from rude Enemies he freed is there,  
 And happily has ended all his Care :  
 Whilst his sad Flock o'orwhelm'd in Tears do cry,  
 Our Shepherd's gone into Eternity.

E I N I S.

